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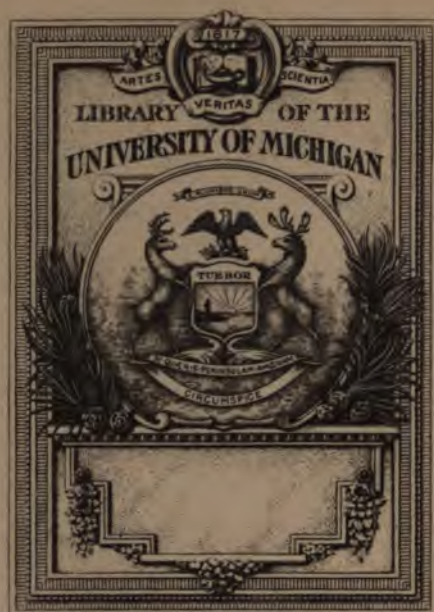
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Bramble Brae

Bramble Brae

By
Robert Bridges
(Droch)

New York
Charles Scribner's Sons
1902

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Published March, 1902



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OCT 10 '36

To my father

You called the old farm Bramble Brae,
And loved it till your hair was gray
And footsteps faltered while you trod
The sloping upland bright with sod.
It blossomed in your quiet life
With gowans from the Neuk of Fife;
And while you walked the waving wheat
You dreamed of heather and the peat.
You've gane awa! My spirit yearns
To hear you read the songs of Burns;
The melody I've faintly caught
Is just the lesson that you taught.
If any hear your gentle voice
In verse of mine, then I'll rejoice
And sing along my stumbling way,
"He's home again in Bramble Brae!"

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BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

**On the dark decline of the unilluminated
verge between the two worlds.**

George Meredith.

THE UNILLUMINED VERGE

TO A FRIEND DYING

THEY tell you that Death's at the turn of the road,
That under the shade of a cypress you'll find him,
And, struggling on wearily, lashed by the goad
Of pain, you will enter the black mist behind him.

I can walk with you up to the ridge of the hill,
And we'll talk of the way we have come through
the valley;
Down below there a bird breaks into a trill,
And a groaning slave bends to the oar of his galley.

You are up on the heights now, you pity the slave—
“Poor soul, how fate lashes him on at his rowing!
Yet it's joyful to live, and it's hard to be brave
When you watch the sun sink and the daylight is
going.”

**We are almost there—our last walk on this height—
I must bid you good-by at that cross on the
mountain.**

**See the sun glowing red, and the pulsating light
Fill the valley, and rise like the flood in a fountain!**

**And it shines in your face and illumines your soul;
We are comrades as ever, right here at your going;
You may rest if you will within sight of the goal,
While I must return to my oar and the rowing.**

**We must part now? Well, here is the hand of a
friend;
I will keep you in sight till the road makes its
turning
Just over the ridge within reach of the end
Of your arduous toil—the beginning of learning.**

You will call to me once from the mist, on the verge,
“Au revoir!” and “good night!” while the twilight
is creeping

Up luminous peaks, and the pale stars emerge?

Yes, I hear your faint voice: “This is rest, and like
sleeping!”

FROM ONE LONG DEAD

WHAT! *You* here in the moonlight and thinking
of me?

Is it you, O my comrade, who laughed at my jest?
But you wept when I told you I longed to be free,
And you mourned for a while when they laid me
at rest.

I've been dead all these years! and to-night in your
heart

There's a stir of emotion, a vision that slips—
It's *my* face in the moonlight that gives you a start,
It's my name that in joy rushes up to your lips!

Yes, I'm young, oh, so young, and so little I know!
A mere child that is learning to walk and to run;
While I grasp at the shadows that wave to and fro
I am dazzled a bit by the light of the Sun.

I am learning the lesson, I try to grow wise,
But at night I am baffled and worn by the strife;
I am humbled, and then there's an impulse to rise,
And a voice whispers, "Onward and win! This
is Life!"

And the Force that is drawing me up to the Height,
That inspires me and thrills me,—each day a new
birth,—
Is the Force that to Chaos said, "Let there be Light!"
And it gave us sweet glimpses of Heaven on
Earth.

It is Love! and you know it and feel it, my Soul!
For you love me in spite of the grave and its bars.
And it moves the whole Universe on to its goal,
And it draws frail Humanity up to the stars!

FATHER TO MOTHER

THIS is our child, Dear—flesh of our flesh and bone
of our bone ;
Here is the end of our youth, and now we begin to
atone.
Now we do feel what their love was—those who have
reared us and taught ;
Now do we know of the treasures that neither are
sold nor bought.
Here is the joy of the Race—joy that must grow
out of pain ;
Here is the last of our Self—now we are links in the
chain.
Body of yours and mine no more is the measure of
grief—
All that *he* suffers is ours—and increased while we
cry for relief ;

Yea, for our boy, our Beloved, we'll yearn through
the beckoning years—
Toil for him, laugh with him, struggle, and pour out
the fountain of tears!

THE CHILD TO THE FATHER

FATHER, it's your love that safely guides me,
Always it's around me, night and day;
It shelters me, and soothes, but never chides me:
Yet, father, there's a shadow in my way.

All the day, my father, I am playing
Under trees where sunbeams dance and dart—
But often just at night when I am praying
I feel this awful hunger in my heart.

Father, there is something—it has missed me;
I've felt it through my little days and years;
And even when you petted me and kissed me
I've cried myself to sleep with burning tears.

To-day I saw a child and mother walking;
I caught a gentle shining in her eye,
And music in her voice when she was talking—
Oh, father, is it *that* that makes me cry?

Oh, never can I put my arms around her,
Or never cuddle closer in the night;
Mother, oh, my mother! I've not found her—
I look for her and cry from dark to light!

A PRAYER OF OLD AGE

O LORD, I am so used to all the byways
Throughout Thy devious world,
The little hill-paths, yea, and the great highways
Where saints are safely whirled!
And there are crooked ways, forbidden pleasures,
That lured me with their spell;
But there I lingered not, and found no treasures—
Though in the mire I fell.

And now I'm old and worn, and, scarcely seeing
The beauties of Thy work,
I catch faint glimpses of the shadows fleeing
Through valleys in the murk;
Yet I can feel my way—my mem'ry guides me;
I bear the yoke and smile.
I'm used to life, and nothing wounds or chides me;
Lord, let me live awhile!

And then, dear Lord, I still can feel the thrilling
Of Nature in the Spring—
The uplift of Thy hills, the song-birds trilling,
The lyric joy they bring.
I'm not too old to see the regal beauty
Of moon and stars and sun;
Nature can still reveal to me my duty
Till my long task is done.

O Lord, to me the pageant is entrancing—
The march of States and Kings!
I keenly watch the human race advancing
And see Man master Things:
From him who read the secret of the thunder
And made the lightning kind,
Down to this marvel—all the growing wonder
Of force controlled by Mind.

And this dear land of ours, the freeman's Nation!
Lord, let me live and see
Fulfilment of our fathers' aspiration,
When each man's really free!
When all the strength and skill that move the
mountains,
And pile up riches great,
Shall sweeten patriotism at its fountains
And purify the State!

But there are closer ties than these that bind me
And make me long to stay
And linger in the dusk where Death may find me
On Thine own chosen day;
There's one who walks beside me in the gloaming
And holds my faltering hand—
Without her guidance I can make no homing
In any distant land.

Some day when we are tired, like children playing,
And wearied drop our toys—
When all the work and burden of our staying
Has mingled with our joys—
With those we love around—our eyelids drooping,
Too spent with toil to weep—
Like some kind nurse o'er drowsy children stooping,
Lord, take us home to sleep!

THE RHONE GLACIER—SUNSET

LIKE the uncounted years of God it rolls
From out the sky. The light of heaven shines
Upon its wrinkled brow, that seems a part
Of that stupendous dome of boundless blue
Where, like a pebble in the ocean depths,
This little world is lost. The sparkling sun
Plays gently in the deep green, icy clefts
Like moonlight in the tender eyes of one
Who looks to heaven to find her lover's face.
Silent, serene, implacable it stands—
A mighty symbol of the Force that moved
Across the surface of the youthful earth
And scored the continents with valleys deep,
As children write upon the yielding sand.
Back to the dawn of things its lineage runs—
Countless ages back to that bleak time

When frightful monsters played upon the hills—
Always the same, yet moving slowly onward,
In heaven its head, its feet upon the world.
The Rhone that trickles from the glacier's edge—
Makes valleys smile with grain and flower and fruit
And turns the wheels that forge the tools of trade—
Is but the lash with which the giant plays
And spins the tops that swarm with struggling
men.

“What is Man, that Thou art mindful of him?”—
This pleasure or this pain, this wealth or want,
This tragic comedy we call our life!

Across the meadows as the evening falls
A shepherd drives his sheep, and fondly bears
Above the rocky stream the weakling lamb;
The children hear the father's kindly voice
And run to greet and cheer his late return,
While from his humble cottage gleams a light.

The sheep are nestled in their sheltering fold—
The door springs open to a welcome cry,
And all at last are safe within the Home.

In cold and awful majesty it stands
Against the darkening sky,—Force without
warmth,
Strength without passion.

But at the touch
Of homely human ways its terrors flee
And Force is swallowed up in Life with Love.

JAMES McCOSH

1811-1894

YOUNG to the end through sympathy with youth,
Gray man of learning—champion of truth!
Direct in rugged speech, alert in mind,
He felt his kinship with all humankind,
And never feared to trace development
Of high from low—assured and full content
That man paid homage to the Mind above,
Uplifted by the “Royal Law of Love.”

The laws of nature that he loved to trace
Have worked, at last, to veil from us his face;
The dear old elms and ivy-covered walls
Will miss his presence, and the stately halls
His trumpet-voice; while in their joys
Sorrow will shadow those he called “my boys”!

LE BONHEUR DE CE MONDE

(Copie d'un sonnet composé par Plantin au XVI^e siècle.)

AVOIR une maison commode, propre & belle,
Un jardin tapissé d'espaliers odorans,
Des fruits, d'excellent vin, peu de train, peu d'enfans,
Posséder seul, sans bruit, une femme fidèle.
N'avoir dettes, amour, ni procès, ni querelle,
Ni de partage à faire avecque ses parens,
Se contenter de peu, n'espérer rien des Grands,
Régler tous ses desseins sur un juste modèle.

Vivre avecque franchise & sans ambition,
S'adonner sans scrupule à la dévotion,
Domter ses passions, les rendre obéissantes.
Conserver l'esprit libre, & le jugement fort,
Dire son Chapelet en cultivant ses entes,
C'est attendre chez soi bien doucement la mort.

THE HAPPINESS OF THIS WORLD

FROM THE FRENCH OF PLANTIN

To have a home, convenient for thy life,
 With fragrant fruit-walls in a garden fine,
 Some children, some retainers, and rare wine;
To live serenely with thy faithful wife;
To have no debts, nor quarrels, nor legal strife,
 Nor separation from dear kin of thine;
 Expecting nothing from the Great, to shine
With modest light and just, where greed is rife.

To live with freedom, yet to be devout,
Ruling thy well-curbed passions—and without
 Ambition's scourge to thwart thy regnant will;
Truly to worship God with ardent breath,
 Among His shrubs and trees on plain and hill—
Thus pleasantly shalt thou at home wait Death.

R. L. S.

*"Where hath fleeting Beauty led?
To the doorway of the dead."*

All the way you followed her
Tripping through the palms and fir;
All the way around you flew
Splendid spirits from the blue—
Dreams and visions lightly caught
In the meshes of your thought.
What a glorious retinue
Made that arduous chase with you!
Half the world stood still to see
Song and Fancy follow free
At the waving of your wand—
While the echoing hills respond
To your voice.

And now the race
Ends with your averted face ;
At full effort you have sped
Through that doorway of the dead—
But the hills and woods remain
Peopled from your teeming brain !
All that stately company
Linger where their eyes may see
Beauty fling the laurel o'er,
At the closing of the door !

From Suppressed Chapters.

McGIFFEN

THE HERO COMING HOME

His body was clad in his uniform of Captain in the Chinese Navy,
and sent home to his mother at Washington, Pennsylvania.

Associated Press.

I LENT him to my country,
And he wore the Navy blue;
I bade him do his duty,
And he said he would be true.

It's home they say you're coming—
And it's home you came to me
When you wore your first blue jacket
At the old Academy.
And the neighbors said, "How handsome!
What a sailor he will be!"
But I only drew him closer
In my coddling mother's joy,
And said, "Well, what's a sailor?
He's my brave boy!"

And then they told the story
Of his courage in the fight—
How he ruled a heathen war-ship
And fought it with his might.

It's home he wrote his mother
When the smoke had cleared away :
"I can *see*—so don't you worry—
Though I'm riddled by the fray."
And the neighbors said, "How glorious!
What a Hero is your son!
The world is all a-talking
Of the battle that he won!"
I said, "Well, what's a Hero?
He's my brave son!"

And now to me he's coming,
And he wears a Captain's bars;
It's a foreign nation's uniform,
But wrapped in Stripes and Stars.

It's home at last you're coming,
And it's home at last to me.
You're a hero and immortal,
And you fought to make men free.
But your heart is cold within you
And your dear eyes cannot see!
They say, "Be strong, O mother;
Proud laurels crown his head!"
Alas, what's left of glory?
My boy, my boy is dead!

AT THE FARRAGUT STATUE

To live a hero, then to stand
 In bronze serene above the city's throng;
Hero at sea, and now on land
 Revered by thousands as they rush along;

If these were all the gifts of fame—
 To be a shade amid alert reality,
And win a statue and a name—
 How cold and cheerless immortality!

But when the sun shines in the Square,
 And multitudes are swarming in the street,
Children are always gathered there,
 Laughing and playing round the hero's feet.

And in the crisis of the game—
With boyish grit and ardor it is played—
You'll hear some youngster call his name:
"The Admiral—he never was afraid!"

And so the hero daily lives,
And boys grow braver as the Man they see!
The inspiration that he gives
Still helps to make them loyal, strong, and free!

NEWS FROM A MISSING LINER

TO A CONVALESCENT

CRAWLING back to port again, half her cargo shifted,
Just enough of fuel left to steam her to the pier;
Plunging through an icy gale when the fog has lifted,
Battered by the breakers, but her lights a-burning
clear!

Hope almost abandoned, days and nights she
floundered—
Nights when not a star was out and no sea-lights
were near;
All the world believed her lost; men despaired, but
wondered
How the liner could be wrecked and Kipling there
to steer!

Now she makes her harbor-lights, glides through seas
enchanted—

Whistles shrieking gayly and thousands at the pier ;
On the bridge the Captain, pale and worn—undaunted !
“ Welcome back to life again ! ” Hear the people
cheer !

FOR A CLASSMATE DEAD AT SEA

(W. F. STOUTENBURGH)

HIS voice was gentle and his eyes were kind ;
No one among us but did call him friend ;
Fond woman's heart and student's thoughtful mind
Together in him did with fitness blend :
And now he is no more !

We blindly murmur at the bitter Fate
That summoned him in other lands to roam ;
And when upon him Sickness wrought its hate
Half round the world, it brought him almost home,
To die when near our shore.

We blindly murmur—but we only know
Calm rests his body in old Ocean's deeps ;
While we are groping in the mists below,
Serene his soul on other, cloudless steep—
Forever—evermore.

BRAMBLE BRAE

A TOAST TO OUR NATIVE LAND

HUGE and alert, irascible yet strong,
We make our fitful way 'mid right and wrong.
One time we pour out millions to be free,
Then rashly sweep an empire from the sea!
One time we strike the shackles from the slaves,
And then, quiescent, we are ruled by knaves.
Often we rudely break restraining bars,
And confidently reach out toward the stars.

Yet under all there flows a hidden stream
Sprung from the Rock of Freedom, the great dream
Of Washington and Franklin, men of old
Who knew that freedom is not bought with gold.
This is the Land we love, our heritage,
Strange mixture of the gross and fine, yet sage
And full of promise—destined to be great.
Drink to Our Native Land! God Bless the State!

THE TOWERS OF PRINCETON

FROM THE TRAIN

THERE they are! above the green trees shining—
Old towers that top the castles of our dreams,
Their turrets bright with rays of sun declining—
A painted glory on the window gleams.

But, oh, the messages to travellers weary
They signal through the ether in the dark!
The years are long, the path is steep and dreary,
But there's a bell that struck in boyhood—hark!

The note is faint—but ghosts are gayly trooping
From ivied halls and swarming 'neath the trees.
Old friends, you bring new life to spirits drooping—
Your laughter and your joy are in the breeze!

They're gone in dusk,—the towers and dreams are
faded,—

But something lingers of eternal Youth;
We're strong again, though doubting, worn, and
jaded;

We pledge anew to friends and love and truth!

•

ROOSEVELT IN WYOMING

TOLD BY A GUIDE—1899¹

DO you know Yancey's? Where the winding trail
From Washburn Mountain strikes the old stage
road,
And wagons from Cooke City and the mail
Unhitch awhile, and teamsters shift the load?

A handy bunch of men are round the stove
At Yancey's—hunters back from Jackson's Hole,
And Ed Hough telling of a mighty drove
Of elk that he ran down to Teton Bowl.

And Yancey he says: "Mr. Woody, there,
Can tell a hunting yarn or two—beside,
He guided Roosevelt when he shot a bear
And six bull elk with antlers spreading wide."

¹ Tall, silent old Woody, a fine type of the fast-vanishing race of game-hunters and Indian-fighters.

Roosevelt's *The Wilderness Hunter*.

But Woody is a guide who does n't brag;
He puffed his pipe awhile, then gravely said:
"I knew he'd put the Spaniards in a bag,
For Mister Roosevelt always picked a head.

"That man won't slosh around in politics
And waste his time a-killing little game;
He studies elk, and men, and knows their tricks,
And when he picks a head he hits the same."

Now, down at Yancey's every man's a sport,
And free to back his knowledge up with lead;
And each believes that Roosevelt is the sort
To run the State, because he "picks a head."

UNCLE SAM TO KIPLING

(1899)

Take up the White Man's burden!
Have done with childish days.

R. K.

OH, thank you, Mr. Kipling,
For showing us the way
To buckle down to business
And end our "childish day."
We know we're young and frisky
And haven't too much sense—
At least, not in the measure
We'll have a few years hence.

Now, this same "White Man's burden"
You're asking us to tote
Is not so unfamiliar
As you're inclined to note.
We freed three million negroes,
Their babies and their wives;
It cost a billion dollars
And near a million lives!

And while we were a-fighting
In all those "thankless years"
We did not get much helping—
Well, not from English "peers."
And so—with best intentions—
We're not exactly wild
To free the Filipino,
"Half devil and half child."

Then, thank you, Mr. Kipling;
Though not disposed to groan
About the "White Man's burden,"
We've troubles of our own;
Enough to keep us busy
When English friends inquire,
"Why don't you use your talons?"
There are chestnuts in the fire!"

A NEW YEAR'S WISH FOR THOSE WHO WRITE

IN this time of joy and cheer
When we greet the buoyant year,
Now, old friends, we cherish you,
Bless the dreams you've brought to view—
Kindly fancy, happy thought,
Visions from the fairies caught,
Rhyme and story, song and play,
Fantasy for holiday—
All the treasures of your mind
Spent to make the world more kind.

While we grope in dark and fog,
Flounder onward through the bog,
You, serene upon the height,
Gambol in the cheery light—
Toss your laughter from the steep,
Bringing hope to those who weep.
What fair visions brightly gleam
Through cloud-rifts! Your dearest dream
Clothed in beauty on the peak,
Waiting for the Muse to speak.

Here's our wish at New Year's time,
Faint-expressed in halting rhyme :
For the men who dream and write
Make the future clear and bright ;
Thaw the cynic from their heart—
Love and faith are highest Art.
Let them picture with their pen
Not our *manners* but our *men*.
Bless them all at New Year's tide!
May their skill and fame abide!
And all women—charming, bright—
Grant that they may never write!

TO CHLOE

FOR A MENDED GLOVE

FAIR Chloe looked upon the old torn glove,
Then touched its ragged edges with her fingers,
And lo! the rent was closed—as if for love
Sweet healing follows where her touch but lingers.

If all the rents that follow Chloe's eyes,
And all the hearts despairingly defended,
Were healed so soon—we'd straightway realize
That love and life are good as new when mended.

TO THE ELF ON MY CALENDAR

SWEET Elf, you'll pipe a merry tune,
Make days and months all gladness;
The clear, bright note you sound in June
Will cheer December's sadness.

You'll never pout on rainy days,
Nor when it's cold will shiver,
But sit serene and sing your lays.
May Old Time bless the giver!

CAPRICE

LOVE laughed awhile,
And ridiculed my daring
To rashly crave a smile
From her, heart-whole, uncaring.
Oh, how Love laughed!

Love angry grew
And spoiled her pretty features;
I was—she vowed it true—
The most despised of creatures.
Oh, how Love frowned!

Love dropped a tear,
Her anger with it falling;
I felt her blue eyes clear,
My heart and hopes enthralling.
Oh, how Love cried!

Her tears Love dried,
And then she looked up sweetly ;
No more her glance defied—
I pressed my suit discreetly.
Love kissed me then!

RETROSPECT

AT evening, when the breeze dies down,
And regal Nature doffs her crown,
When brown-limbed pines, like minarets,
Fringe all the hills, and tired day frets
To rest awhile—ah, then, I know,
Into a shadowed room you go,
And softly touch the organ keys;
While pale stars blink amid the trees
You sing a peaceful vesper hymn
That rises from your full heart's brim;
Your kindly eyes are dimmed with tears—
You wander through remembered years;
From gay to grave your fancies fly,
And end the journey with the cry:
My heart played truant from my will! .
I loved him then—I love him still.

IN THE CROWD

A PAIR of brown eyes—no matter where,
In quiet street or crowded thoroughfare—
Call up the image of your face to me.
All others vanish, only you I see ;
Above the din of trade your voice I hear,
And merry laughter, ringing sweet and clear,
That fades into a smile away :
Thus are you with me everywhere and every day.

REMEMBRANCE

NO, not despair of ever quite forgetting
The happy romance of those dreamy years,
The painful weariness of vain regretting
Through all life's varied way of love and tears—
Not this the gladness of my heart represses,
With shadow tinges still each sunny thought:
The fancy that with poignant touch distresses
Is that by thee I am perhaps forgot!

OFF FORT HAMILTON IN SUMMER

EMBRASURED guns, like wearied hounds, all sleeping,
Their muzzles resting on the cool, green turf;
Along the Fort their peaceful watch now keeping
Above the mimic battle of the surf.

And you, dear one, now that my suit is ended—
Let passion slumber in your cool dark eyes;
The wiles by which your heart was well defended
Embrasured there look love on summer skies.

OVER THE FERRY

ONOMATOPOETIC

CLANG! Ting-a-ling!

Then a scream of the whistle.

Sob! Sob! Sob! Sob!

Heaves slowly the breast of the iron-sinewed giant;

And the swift paddles fling,

Like the down of a thistle,

White foam from their blades, while the waters defiant

Groan under their merciless tread; and the throb

Of the heart grows exultingly faster;

Now a race with a tug, and then it is past her—

Glides under the bow of a stately Cunarder—

The steel-lungèd giant breathing harder and harder

While nearing the wharves of the City of Vanity

To roll from its shoulders the load of humanity.

And up near the bow, with arms crossed on the railing,

The bold wind with kisses her fair cheeks assailing

And tossing her hair from her brow, stands sweet

Jennie,

Who hopes on the way to the school to meet Bennie.

And what he will say she is anticipating—
Her heart full of pleasure, her blue eyes dilating ;
And what will she say? Ah, now she is blushing.
There he stands on the pier! How the people are
crushing!

While out from the dock the churned waters are
rushing.

But the song of the wheels is, " I love him—I love
him!"

Then the pilot above
Signals " Clang! Ting-a-ling!"
And the slowing wheels sing,
" Oh, my love—love—love!"
Clang!

BRAMBLE BRAE IN OCTOBER

AND now the corn has ripened at Bramble Brae,
And all the hosts are marshalled for Autumn's fray;
The quaint old farm is changing its green for brown,
Save where the new wheat lifts itself to the light
And huddles in rows, like wrinkles in some old gown.
Along the lane the quail are running in fright
At sound of guns on the upland—the cautious dogs
Are coursing over the fields, and keen-eyed men
Watch for the whirl of wings; the hickory logs
Are falling down in the clearing, while in their pen
The big swine gloat on the heaped-up trough;
In woods the dead leaves rustle, and red squirrels
 cough
And chatter and screech—chasing each other from
 limb
To limb, and gather their stores at the roots of trees.
And part of it all is a boy, and the heart of him
Glows with the sumach, and sings with the Autumn
 breeze.

Down in the valley the ancient village rests,
Drowsing along the curbs of its quaint old street ;
High and peaked are the roofs, and antique crests
Are carved on the gables. Fair maids, discreet,
Sit on the porches and talk with the passing youth ;
For Love goes by, sometimes in homespun clad,
And sometimes rich in the wealth of truth
That speaks in the heart and the eyes of the lad.
For none that pass are the eyes of the bonny girl
Except for him ; she sits and waits by a climbing vine,
Reading the verses of some old bard ; the pearl
She seeks is love, and only love is the wine
That colors her cheeks and snaps in her sparkling eyes
But the lad is shy, and dreams the livelong day
That love and his lady are proof against all surprise—
So up on the hillside he longs for the village far away.

.

Many Autumns have glowed on the hillside there ;
Slender saplings have sprung to giant trees ;
Gray is his head and furrowed his brow with care—
The heart of the man cries out to the Autumn breeze.
Dusk in the valley, and cold light on the hill—
Brown is the sumach, the glory of youth has fled ;
Drowsing cattle shiver, the night is chill,
Memory lives, but all of his hopes are dead.
Years has he wandered over the land and sea ;
Friends he has cherished and lost, and women loved ;
Always that vision haunted his fancy free—
The dreamer worshipped, but never the vision proved.
Down in the valley the ancient houses sleep,
Dotted with lights that break through the evening
gloom ;
Dreams that stirred the face of the waters deep
Cover their eyes and flee to a welcoming tomb.

WITH FLOWERS

ON A SPRAY OF HEATHER

FAR from its native moorland
Or crest of " wine-red " hill,
At sight or scent of heather
The hearts of Scotsmen thrill.
Though crushed its purple blossoms,
Its tender stems turned brown,
It brings romantic Highlands
Into prosaic town.
The clans are on the border,
The chiefs are in the fray ;
We're keen upon their footsteps
With Walter Scott to-day.
Peat smoke from lowland cottage
Floats curling up, and turns
Our dreams toward quiet hearthstones
And melodies of Burns.

And last our fancy lingers
With fond regret and vain
Where sleeps our Tusitala
Beneath the tropic rain—
Far from the purple heather
Or gleaming rowan bough,
Alone on mountain summit,
“Our hearts remember how.”

St. Andrew's Day.

THE HOTHOUSE VIOLET SPEAKS

TO A FAIR WOMAN

I'VE calmly lived my sunny little life
Under the crinkling glass, and free from strife;
The sky above and all around is blue,
And from this haven now I come to you.

Fair Lady, tell me have I heard aright
That other flowers do not live so bright?
That in dark forests and by noisy streams
The pale wood violet sheds its purple beams?

While we are merry in this fireside glow
My humble cousin shivers in the snow;
And yet a cricket whispered once to me
That *I* the captive was—my cousin, free!

Sometimes I've dreamed the cricket told me true;
I've longed for freedom and the pleasing view
Of moss-grown hummocks and great whispering
trees,
With gold-winged songsters humming in the breeze.

The dream is over—I have lived my day
Nourished in sun with other violets gay;
And now I'm borne afar to Paradise,
To find my haven in your gentle eyes.

If I may touch your lips I'll die content
Without one glimpse of freedom or days spent
In woodland dells; oh, murmur, while I fade,
Your own sweet mem'ries of the forest glade!

Come, tell me quickly, for my brief hours pass;
What! *You too captive in a house of glass?*

A SONG

WITH A RED ROSE ON HER BIRTHDAY

What the Rose thought :

Oh, to be one-and-twenty!
But I am a rose that must bloom for a day;
My life is like color and perfume in May;
To-night I shall fade in her beautiful hair,
And touch with my petals her proud neck and fair.
Oh, to be one-and-twenty!

What She sang, exultingly :

Oh, to be one-and-twenty!
To feel that the glorious days of my youth
Are only the promise of hope, love, and truth—
That all joyful things in my bright future gleam,
And I am to *live* them and find out my dream.
Oh, to be one-and-twenty!

What He wrote, sadly :

Oh, to be one-and-twenty!
To dream that the great world is still all my own,
And cherish again the ideals that have flown;
To follow them, hiding with cunning and art,
And find them all sleeping within her warm heart,
Her heart that is one-and-twenty!

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAID

HERE are roses, red and white,
Each to speak what I would write;
For, when in your quiet room
You may smell their sweet perfume,
I shall whisper through these flowers
Fancy's thoughts for evening hours.
Then, when in the crowded street
You and I may chance to meet,
I'll discover in your eyes
What you've half expressed in sighs;
For if in your dusky hair
One red rose you deign to wear
I shall say, "I know that she
Wears it for her love of me."

But if on your gentle breast
One white rose may dare to rest,
Then in rapture I'll declare,
"That's my heart a-resting there."
But if neither red nor white
May your hair or gown bedight,
Still with confidence I'll say,
"That is lovely woman's way—
What of life is largest part
Hides she deepest in her heart!"

DIANA'S VALENTINE

WITH A BUNCH OF VIOLETS

*Good Saint Valentine, I pray,
While around this town you stray,
You will keep your eyes alert
For a maid who loves to flirt.*

If among the hurrying crowd—
Beauties fair and beauties proud—
You should see one like a queen,
Eyes of blue, with golden sheen
In her hair that's flecked with brown,
And a grace about her gown,
That's Diana!

Catch her eye
As she's gayly tripping by;
Say you know a sorry wight,
Slow of speech and slow to write,

Who would tell her through these flowers
That her eyes are bright as stars
In the blue; that her speech
Haunts his mem'ry (out of reach
Like their perfume faint but fine);
That her laugh is like rare wine.
As you leave her touch her lips;
Say that men are like old ships,
Easy towed, but hard to steer;
Then just whisper in her ear,
"Lovers change, but friends are true
Like these violets." Then, "Adieu."

*This, Saint Valentine, I pray,
On the morning of that day
When you keep your eyes alert
For all maids who love to flirt.*

ARCADY, February fourteenth.

WITH SOME BIRTHDAY ROSES

If I were not a speechless flower
I'd like to talk with you an hour
And whisper many pretty things
That thinking of your birthday brings.

(For flowers can dream of happiness
While you their velvet petals press!)
But I can't talk—I know a man
Who often vainly thinks he can,

And what he wanted me to do
Was simply to look fair to you
And wish you joy—and then surprise
The gentle look in your dear eyes.

WRITTEN IN BOOKS

IN A VOLUME OF HERRICK

DEAR old worldling gone astray,
You would rather sing than pray ;
While you wore the preacher's gown
How you longed for London Town !
When your head ached, then, alack !
You, repentant, gave up sack ;
Old and worn you ruthlessly
Bade farewell to poesy ;
Full, you never cared for food,
Sated, you were always good.
Julia's beauties you rehearse,
Sing her charms in wanton verse,
But to make poor Julia thine
Not one pleasure you'd resign.
Flattering, you tried to please ;
Generous, you loved your ease !

Dear old Herrick, you're a Man
Built upon the human plan;
To the world your fame belongs
For the beauty of your songs—
Glorious poet—not a saint—
Lyric splendor without taint!

IN "SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS"

THE Sonnets—bound by Rivière
And newly illustrated!
As though the words that Shakespeare wrote
By outward dress are rated!

The soul—the fine, immortal part
That lives without the binding,
Is something from the poet's heart;
'Tis here—and worth the finding.

**IN "SONNETS FROM THE
PORTUGUESE"**

**IN this book a woman wrote her heart—
Etching there the image of a Man.
Faithful woman! But the years depart,
And love is dust, and life a broken span!**

IN GEORGE MEREDITH'S POEMS

HERE is a forest tangle—
Rank weeds, luxuriant ferns, and giant trees,
All in a hoarse-voiced wrangle,
With creaking branches swaying in the breeze.
But if you care to listen,
Above the noise you'll hear the piping of a bird,
Gay feathers in the tree-tops glisten,
And over all the sweetest music ever heard.

IN “THE KING’S LYRICS”

**BEHOLD “The Lyrics of the King”!
As though a crown on those who sing
 Could make their music sweeter!
To-day we’ll choose the better part—
The gentle music of the heart
 That masters rhyme and metre.**

THE SONG OF TEMBINOKA, KING OF APEMAMA

TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

SING, my warriors, sing! men of the sharklike race!
Sing of the poet who came and greeted us face to
face.

He from the cold, gray North, I, in these tropic
isles,

Meet as brothers and bards, with eloquent songs and
smiles—

Meet as brothers, though singing words that are
strange and proud.

Pale and wan is his face, while mine is a thunder-cloud;
But the heart of a man is hidden by neither language
nor skin—

To love as a man and a brother maketh the whole
world kin.

The tales that he tells are of heroes who fought like
braves to the death—

Bone of our bone are these heroes, the very breath of
our breath!

Then sing, my warriors, sing! men of the sharklike
race!

Sing of the poet who came and greeted us face to
face!

From Overheard in Arcady.

IN THE MANNER OF KIPLING

"SHOW me the face of Truth," the Sahib said—

"Show me its beauty, before I'm dead!"

"Look!" said the priest, "with unflinching eyes;
This is the World, and not Paradise.

Look! It is wicked, and cruel, and strong, and
wise!"

From Overheard in Arcady.

FOR A NOVEL OF HALL CAINE'S

AFTER KIPLING

HE sits in a sea-green grotto with a bucket of lurid
paint,
And draws the Thing as it isn't for the God of Things
as they ain't!

IN “HELBECK OF BANNISDALE”

**THE foolish story of a man and maid
Who loved each other but were dire afraid
To follow where their true hearts surely led
And, risking all things, bravely to be wed.**

**What's in a creed to keep two souls apart?
The universal solvent is the heart!**

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

GOOD luck, good cheer, throughout the year!
A bright fire on the hearthstone burning;
A gleam of rose at evening's close
When, wearied, you are homeward turning!
By ingle-nook a soothing book—
A few old friends in Mem'ry's castle;
A bit of rhyme at Christmas-time
To wish you fortune at your wassail!

**IN NICHOLSON'S "ALMANAC OF
SPORTS"**

(WITH VERSES BY KIPLING)

In all your Calendar of Sports

Why, Rudyard, do you slight the wheel?

Were you, then, never out of sorts

Until you felt the vibrant steel

Skim over miles of level track?

For youth, with all its hope and cheer,

When we're a-wheel comes rolling back—

And it is Summer all the year!

IN NICHOLSON'S "CITY TYPES"

THE City's roar is rising from the street ;
The old, bedraggled " types " are shuffling through
the strife ;
They plod and push, and elbow as they meet,
And glare and grin, and sadly call it " life."

For us the fireside hearth is all aglow,
And those we love make up the life we know.

IN "THE GOLDEN TREASURY"

THE year is old, the way is far;
I catch your image like a star
That's mirrored in a crystal brook;
For love of you I send a book!

A VALENTINE

THOUGH all the streams are white with frost
And all the fields with snow,
Though earth its greenery has lost,
And biting gales do blow—
Still I'll recall the summer hours,
The blue skies and the vine—
The hillsides pink with Alpine flowers
To greet my Valentine!

IN "HALLO, MY FANCY!"

(BY CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS AND S. D. S., JR.)

"HALLO, my Fancy! View Hallo!"

The nimble game has broken cover
And skims the valley to and fro;

By cooling brooks it seems to hover,
Then bounds along. "Ho, View Hallo!"

The huntsmen cry from brake to loch;
The chase grows ardent—"View Hallo!"

From quiet shelter echoes, *Droch.*

THE BOOK SPEAKS

TO EUGENE FIELD

I'm keeping jolly comp'ny
In a room that's full of books;
I'm cheek by jowl with Horace
And a lot of ancient crooks.
But the boys I like to play with,
When the boss takes off his coat,
Are the wild and woolly heroes
From Casey's tabble-dote.
And when the lamp is lighted
And cosey hours ensue,
I talk with All-Aloney
And the little Boy in Blue.
But when the man that owns the books
Throws one kind glance at *me*
I sing just like the Dinkey
In the Amfelula Tree.

IN HERFORD'S VERSES

To weep with those who weep is human ;
We give our praises to the man of grit,
And honor with our trust the true man ;
Let's laugh a little with a man of wit !

IN A BOOK OF GIBSON'S DRAWINGS

YOU may turn these pages over,
Looking for the priceless pearl;
You may search from back to cover
For the finest Gibson girl.
You can save yourself the trouble—
It's no earthly use to look:
The charming girl who takes the medal
Is a-holding of the book.

**IN A VOLUME OF MISS GUINEY'S
POEMS**

**A MAKER of smooth verse and facile rhymes,
And lover of quaint legends from old times;
A joyous singer in New England bleak—
Her heart is Irish and her mind is Greek.**

IN "BARBARA FRIETCHIE—A PLAY"

TO J. M.

WE met her first in Arcady,
Where visions fair are apt to be,
Roaming beneath the arching trees—
Her laughter cheering up the breeze;
Sometimes as gay as *Colinette*,
Then fond and sad as *Juliet*.
And when we'd had enough of anguish
She'd make us laugh as *Lydia Languish*.
No mask or mood was twice the same—
Yet one fair face behind each name.
As that bright vixen of the mind,
The fascinating *Rosalind*—
As *Imogen* or *Viola*,
Or, best of all, sweet *Barbara*—
Always the same alluring grace
And wit that sparkles in her face!

The road to Arcady is far
And sometimes lonely for a star—
But all the phantoms of the air
And poets' dreams that wander there
Would miss the welcome we extend,
Not to her Art—just to a friend!

TO C. H. M. AND H. H. M.

HERE is the story—
 I haven't half told it;
The fun and the glory,
 A volume can't hold it.
But this is a spray,
 Withered leaves and pressed flowers,
From a faded bouquet
 That was plucked in gay hours,
Within sound of the waves
 Of the gentle Pacific,
Where Nature enslaves
 And the days beatific
Are sandalled with gold
 And wear gems on their fingers.
All the tale is not told
 Which slow Fancy weaves,
 But a faint odor lingers
 About these dry leaves

That may bring recollection
Of prairie and loch
With a hint of affection
From
Yours ever,
DROCH.

Dedication of *The Monterey Wedding*.

TO MY MOTHER

LONG years you've kept the door ajar
To greet me, coming from afar ;
Long years in my accustomed place
I've read my welcome in your face,
And felt the sunlight of your love
Drive back the years and gently move
The telltale shadow 'round to youth.
You've found the very spring, in truth,
That baffles time—the kindling joy
That keeps me in your heart a boy.
And now I send an unknown guest
To bide with you and snugly rest
Beside the old home's ingle-nook.—
For love of me you'll love my book.

Dedication of *Overheard in Arcady*.

A BOOK'S SOLILOQUY

MY lady's room is full of books
And easy-chairs and curtained nooks,
And dainty tea-things on a table,
And poetry, and tale, and fable,
And on the hearth a crackling fire
That welcome gives, and when you tire
Of pleasant talk you still may find
A tempting pasture where the mind
May browse awhile, and read the pages
Which poets wrote, or fools, or sages.

And here I come to ask a place
Among these worthies, face to face!
To be allowed on some low shelf
To rest and dream, and pride myself
On being in such company—
To watch fair women drinking tea;

